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zation, this volume is, so far as we can ascertain, the only English account of the castles. It might also be regarded as a history of man's inhumanity to man or as the forerunner to the history of modern jails. It was as a development of the camp or Roman *castrum* that the medieval castle sprang into being. Less uniform than the Norman castles of England, the Italian castles show not only their natural descent from the Roman stronghold, but the influence of French, German, Norman, Spanish, Saracenic invaders, and to them are linked the stories, legends, and traditions of the great families of Italy—of the D'Estes, Malatestas, Gonzagas, Fransceschini, Estensi, with all their internecine strife and jealousy. Abodes of terror as of valor, these castles were all founded on the necessity of having accessible and to hand torture-chambers for the enemy. In the castle of Sant' Angelo, the author describes on the side by the water, deeply rooted in the rock, a long series of vaults used indifferently for dungeons or storerooms. Many of these are circular cells entered only by a trap-door from above, with blades projecting upward and outward from the walls.

The author begins with the castles in and about Rome, moving slowly toward Naples, then to Swabian and Norman castles of Apulia, northward to Canossa, the castles in the valley of Aosta, the three great castles of Florence—Romana, Poppi, and Poggia. Then he moves to the castle at Pavia and at Milan, Ferrara, the strongholds of the Malatestas at Rimini, Ancona, Fano, Fossombrone, Ascoli, Pesaro, Cesena, and San Archangelo, ending with Mantua and Urbino. The book has enough architectural detail to be valuable, but in the main the author has designed his book as a guide to the curious itinerant who enjoys historical associations with his art and architecture. Dante and the friends whom he consigned to Inferno wander through many of these castles, and one only wishes that the Browning allusions might have been as carefully noted. With no little humor the author tells such grim stories as that of the Torre de' Diavoli in the principal seat of the Guidi in Poppi. Here the likeliest youths of Poppi were lured by Donna Telda, the beautiful widow of one of the counts, who when she tired of them dropped them into a subterranean chamber. Ultimately, however, the people of the town, enraged at thus losing the flower of their youth, seized the countess and starved her to death in her own tower. Her spirit still lingered about the place, and the wild recriminations of the ghosts who met her gained the tower its name.

There is the tale, too, of the God-fearing Francesco Alessandri, who liked to hear mass when he returned from the chase to his castle, Vincigliata. Arriving once, however, to find that the priest had begun mass before his arrival, he slew the unhappy celebrant at the altar, since which deed a curse has been upon the house, and the Parish register records that it has been uninhabited since 1751, but holy water is sprinkled over the chambers every Easter. For those who are interested in the most romantic civilization and times of all history, this book explores a new and fertile field.

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WHERE HALF THE WORLD IS WAKING UP. By CLARENCE POE. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company, 1912.

Mr. Clarence Poe has lately published under the title of *Where Half*

*the World is Waking Up* a series of letters written during his recent trip through Japan, Korea, Manchuria, China, the Philippines, and India, to the *World's Work*, the *Review of Reviews*, and his own paper, *The Progressive Farmer*.

Each letter comes directly from the country described and bears the imprint of the fresh and vigorous pen of a journalist trained to catch the color and action of a moving world for the hurried reader. Mr. Poe was reporting for these periodicals no mere sight-seeing trip. In each district he sought out men of high standing and political or commercial importance, and with them as a source of information, backed by careful study of census reports and other authoritative publications, and by close observation of temples, factories, schools, farms, and buildings, he wrote his account home. Blessed with a mind quick to take impressions and draw comparisons, Mr. Poe often jumps from a description of romantic and fascinating scenery to discussions, elementary indeed, and of necessity, of social and industrial problems. With real earnestness he appeals to young America to stand ready to act as guide to the enfeebled East as she awakens from her Rip Van Winkle sleep of centuries, and to accept from her, too, such valuable lessons as she has to give.

He writes with enthusiasm of that system in Japan which enrolls ninety-eight per cent. of the children between six and fourteen years in school for an annual term of ten months and for a compulsory term of eight years, of the co-operative credit societies in Japan and India which aid the sick, aged, or hard-pushed farmer and merchant; of the general thrift, especially of the farmer, who cultivates his small acreage so intensively and fertilizes so painstakingly that it is kept continuously producing without exhaustion; of the moral achievement of the Chinese in their brave fight against the vice of opium-smoking; and of other signs of progress too numerous to cite.

He sounds anew the warning of President McKinley as to the necessity of the continued integrity of the Chinese Republic. The natural resources of Manchuria are boundless, and if, through the indifference of the Powers, Japan be permitted much longer to violate with safety the terms of the treaty of Portsmouth, he feels sure a serious menace to commercial rights in Asia will arise in the form of Japanese aggression.

The morals which Mr. Poe draws for America may be summed up in the one word, "Conservation." Conservation of our natural resources, especially of the forests as a safeguard against the draughts and floods so destructive in China; conservation of our racial strength through improved methods of education and progressive labor legislation; conservation of commercial opportunities and industrial production; and, above all, conservation of the things of the spirit, which make for courage, discipline, and honor.

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THE CHINESE AT HOME. By J. DYER BALL. New York: Fleming, Revell & Company, 1912.

Mr. J. Dyer Ball has well named his latest book *The Chinese at Home*. By right of an intimate acquaintance with the people through more than a score of years' experience in the English courts of justice of China, Mr. Ball has drawn faithful pictures of John Chinaman, not only in